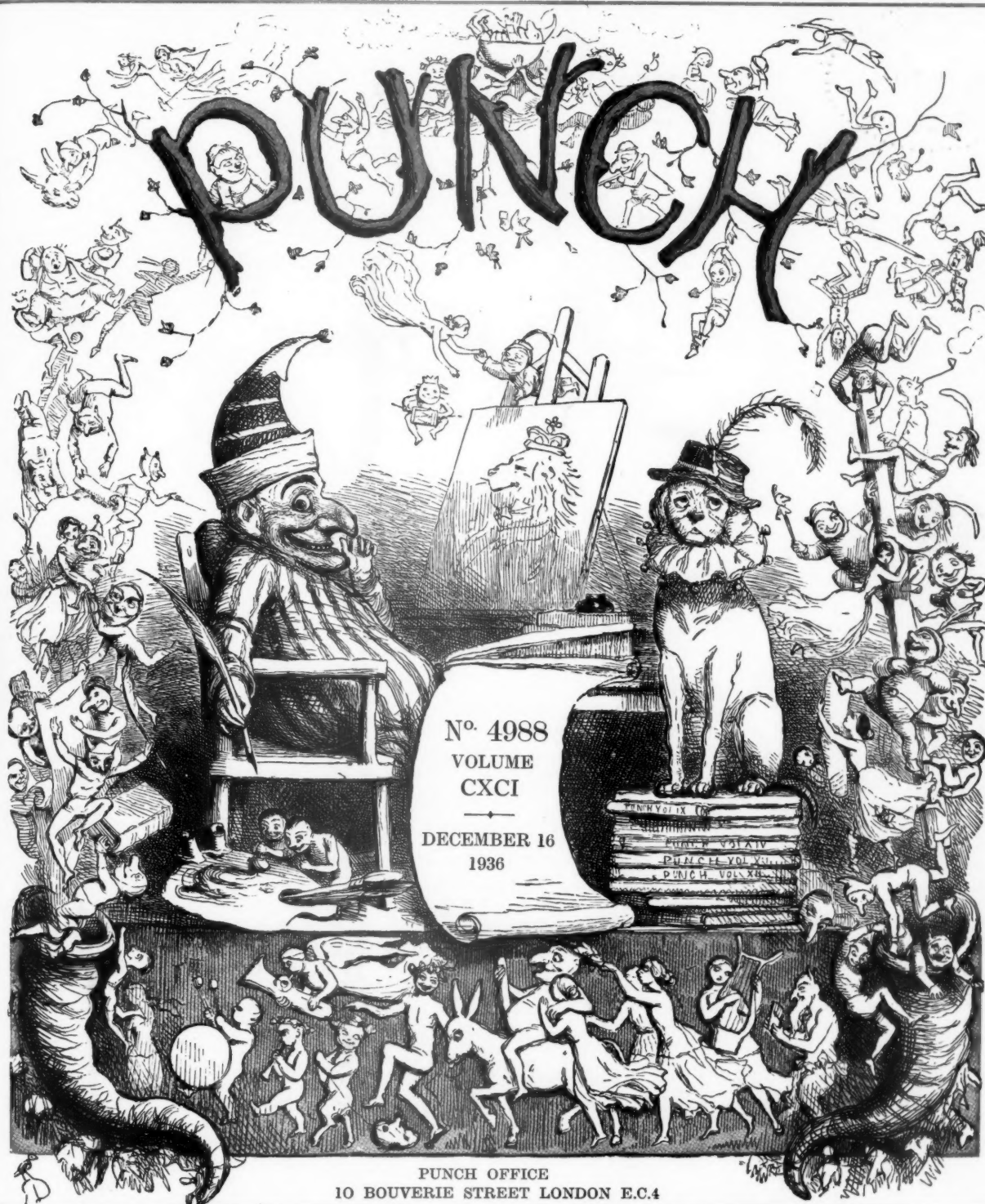


28 36

64/168.

C.F.H.

DUNLOP 90 THE WORLD'S MASTER TYRES

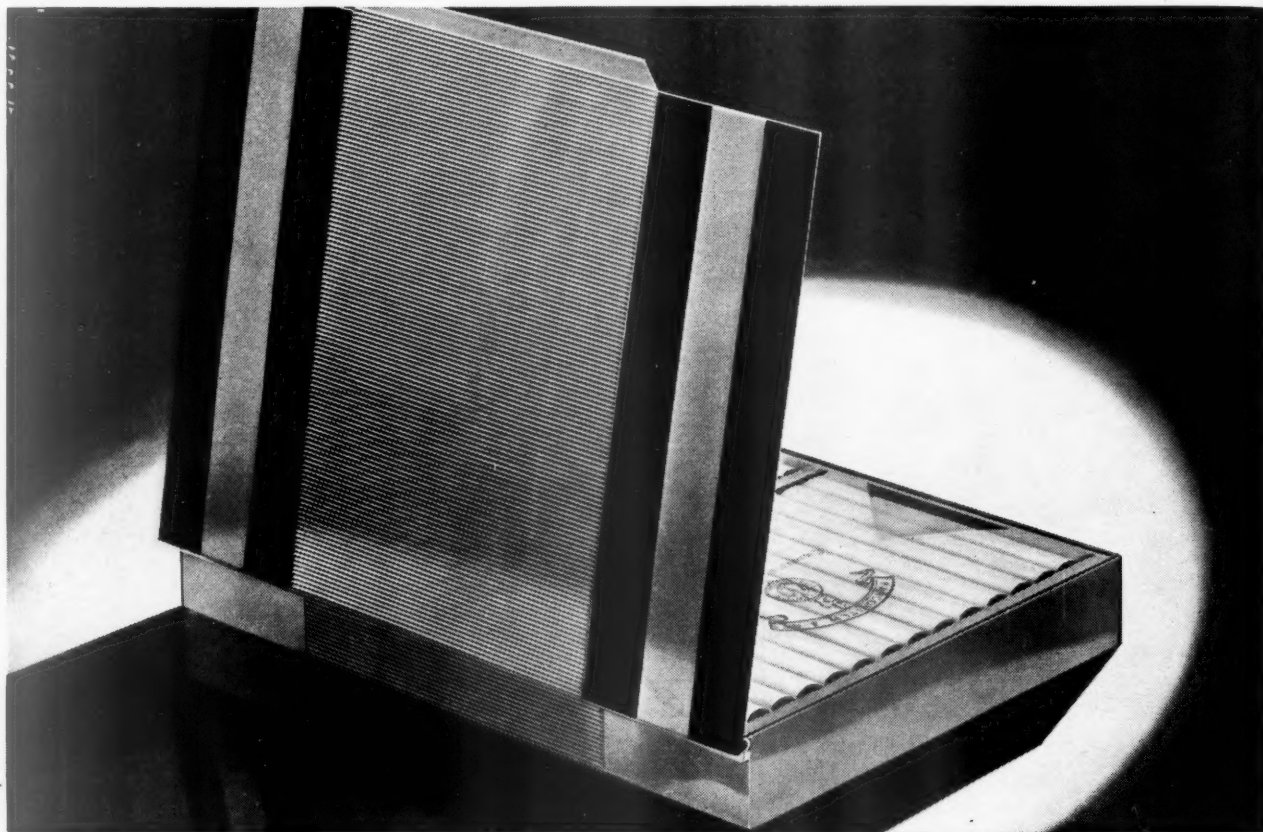


See *it has* **Triplex** *all-round every*



has

CHROMIUM, ENAMEL, CEDARWOOD -
 AND CIGARETTES ASSEMBLED
 BY MARCOVITCH



This urbane looking cigarette box — the Berkeley — has been designed to house 50 Black and White Cigarettes. Made of solid metal, barred austere with black enamel and heavily chromium plated, it will live long after its contents have been enjoyed. The price of box and cigarettes is 10/6. The 'Carlton' model, accommodating 100 cigarettes, costs 17/6. There is also a

series of attractive card presentation cabinets, with contents varying from 150 to 1,000 cigarettes. The prices are the same as for the ordinary Black and White Cigarettes, viz. at the rate of 4/- for 50, 8/- for 100.

Your tobacconist will display these boxes to you with a certain pride—they are so precisely attuned to their contents—England's most exclusive hand-made cigarettes.

BLACK & WHITE *Virginia*

HAND MADE BY MARCOVITCH . 84 PICCADILLY . LONDON . W.1

An associate company of Godfrey Phillips Ltd.

Charivaria

We see it mentioned that several artists are growing beards again. In Chelsea this is regarded as a sign of a severe winter.

★ ★ ★

"Civilisation is in chains," a leader-writer observes. Heaven help us if it ever manages to work itself properly loose.

★ ★ ★

A man accused of being drunk said that he had been overcome by the close atmosphere inside a taxi-cab and hadn't been able to open the windows. The charge was reduced to one of simple intoxication.

the next series they will have to double-deck the stands.



Which reminds us that a gossip-writer says he has never heard of a fight between two taxi-drivers. By the time they've managed to get all their coats off of course bygones have become bygones.

★ ★ ★

Another long-felt want is a typewriter that will make a non-committal wiggle when you aren't sure of the spelling.

★ ★ ★

A solicitor has submitted in court that a husband has a right to go out for a constitutional in the evenings. Especially if he doesn't keep it in the house.

★ ★ ★

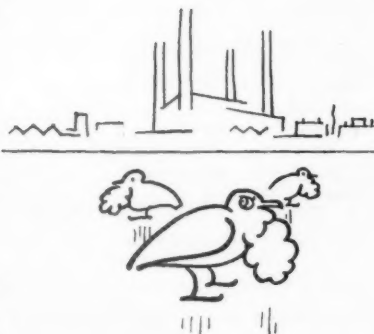
A psychologist points out that now is the time to make your New Year resolutions. You must, however, wait until 1937 before you break them.

★ ★ ★

A milk-bottle thrown at a rat by a Leicester woman hit the concrete wall of the kitchen and her husband was cut by a flying fragment. It would seem that people living in stone houses should not throw glass.

★ ★ ★

A medical writer declares that fresh butter is the best remedy for lumbago. So give yourself a pat on the back.



Movie stars, declares a film publication, are going in more and more enthusiastically for gardening. It must be wonderful to have a real plot to work in.

★ ★ ★

"Who," asks a political writer, "would support the principle of robbing Peter to pay Paul?" Well, Paul might vote for it for one.

★ ★ ★

According to reports there was a record Test crush at Brisbane. If any more journalists are sent over for

★ ★ ★

A nerve specialist declares that it is possible for an emotional author to age quite five years while writing a deeply moving book. This applies particularly of course to books that take five years to write.



A naturalist is of the opinion that certain species of flies really do indulge in properly organised games. And we ourselves seem to have heard someone talking about Tsetse matches.

★ ★ ★

"How many people know where their appendix is?" asks a writer. Certainly very few of those who have had it removed.

★ ★ ★

An American journal tells of a plant which pushes its way upward even through solid ice. There is some talk of calling it "the social climber."

★ ★ ★

A vocalist who recently broadcast for the first time confessed that he came all over funny when introduced to the microphone. Needless to say he was not a comedian.



CC

Translations from the Ish

LXXVI.—TABLEAU

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps
Upon this bank!"

Said the poetically-minded burglar,
Taking out his jenny.

LXXVII.—SONG

Ah, Public Library,
Did they not wrong thee?

Ah, Public Library, art thou not alive
To the demands of thy readers?

Hast thou not installed
In thy well-stocked Magazine-Room,
Obeying a demand
No doubt indignantly vocal,

A periodical
Devoted to the interests
Of policewomen?

LXXVIII.—MORE FREE
ASSOCIATION

Many people who hate Surrealism
Fail to recognise it
In the Stock Exchange report

(Wherein coffee may sag,
Rubber brighten,
Tin display a firmer tone)

And in the musical pot-pourri

(Wherein the last chord
Of the Bridal March from *Lohengrin*
May also be the first
Of *Pop Goes the Weasel*).

LXXIX.—ALIASES

Many of us employ
All our creative ability
In thinking out words
For those qualities in ourselves

Which we call by their usual names
In others.

LXXX.—COMMERCIAL INQUIRY

"It is now," said the Ish visitor,
"many months
Since the lady whom I have heard
called
Your most amusing political writer
Published certain radiant words
Which aroused in me a longing
Not yet fulfilled.

'The League of Nations,' she wrote, 'is
The sheet-anchor
Soviet Russia is leaning on
And using to whitewash herself.'

Tell me," the Ish visitor proceeded
In a hopeful tone,
"Where I could buy one of these
Anchors-of-all-work?
And the whitewash—
Would that be extra?"

LXXXI.—FURTHER DIFFICULTY

"There is a pair of phrases,"
Said the Ish visitor,
"By which I have been bothered
For some time. Kindly explain to me
The connection between
If cap fits, wear it,
And
If cap sticks, warm slightly."

LXXXII.—WORK IT OUT

Those former schoolfellows of public
men
Who are fond of saying, in effect,

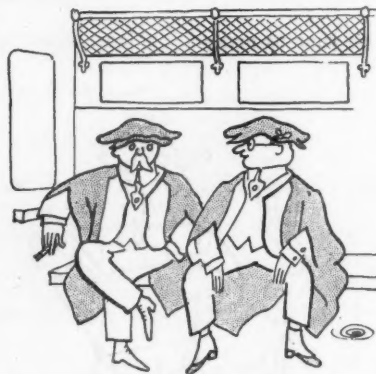
"He's no good;
I was at school with him,"

Should bear in mind
That if what they say means any-
thing,
It means

"We were at school together,
And I'm no good,
So he can't be any."

LXXXIII.—WHICH IS ABSURD

Not long ago
I saw a picture in an advertisement
Of an informal political discussion
In a bar.
It was well done,
But it had one serious flaw.
One man was shown holding forth,
Finger extended,
To the others, who were all
Listening with attention
To what he said.



"WE'RE GOING TO LOOK PRETTY SILLY
IF IT'S THE WRONG DAY."

LXXXIV.—OFF DUTY

From time to time,
Reading something an actor has written,
I realise

That he is in reality
Quite unable to understand
Or even notice
Those exquisite subtleties
He so cleverly conveys on the stage.

LXXXV.—ANOTHER SONG

Little telegraph-boys,
Discouraged with their lot, their lot,
Are cheered, are cheered remembering
That the second telegraph-boy
In Pittsburgh
Was ANDREW, ANDREW
CARNEGIE.*

LXXXVI.—A THOUGHT

One can gain a reputation
For a quite illusory sense of humour
By preserving one's natural solemnity
When one writes or speaks about
Some comic subject, such as cheese.

But, alas!
Few people without a sense of humour
Can ever resist the temptation
To be funny.

LXXXVII.—COMPLAINT

I say to one, Come,
And he goeth. R. M.

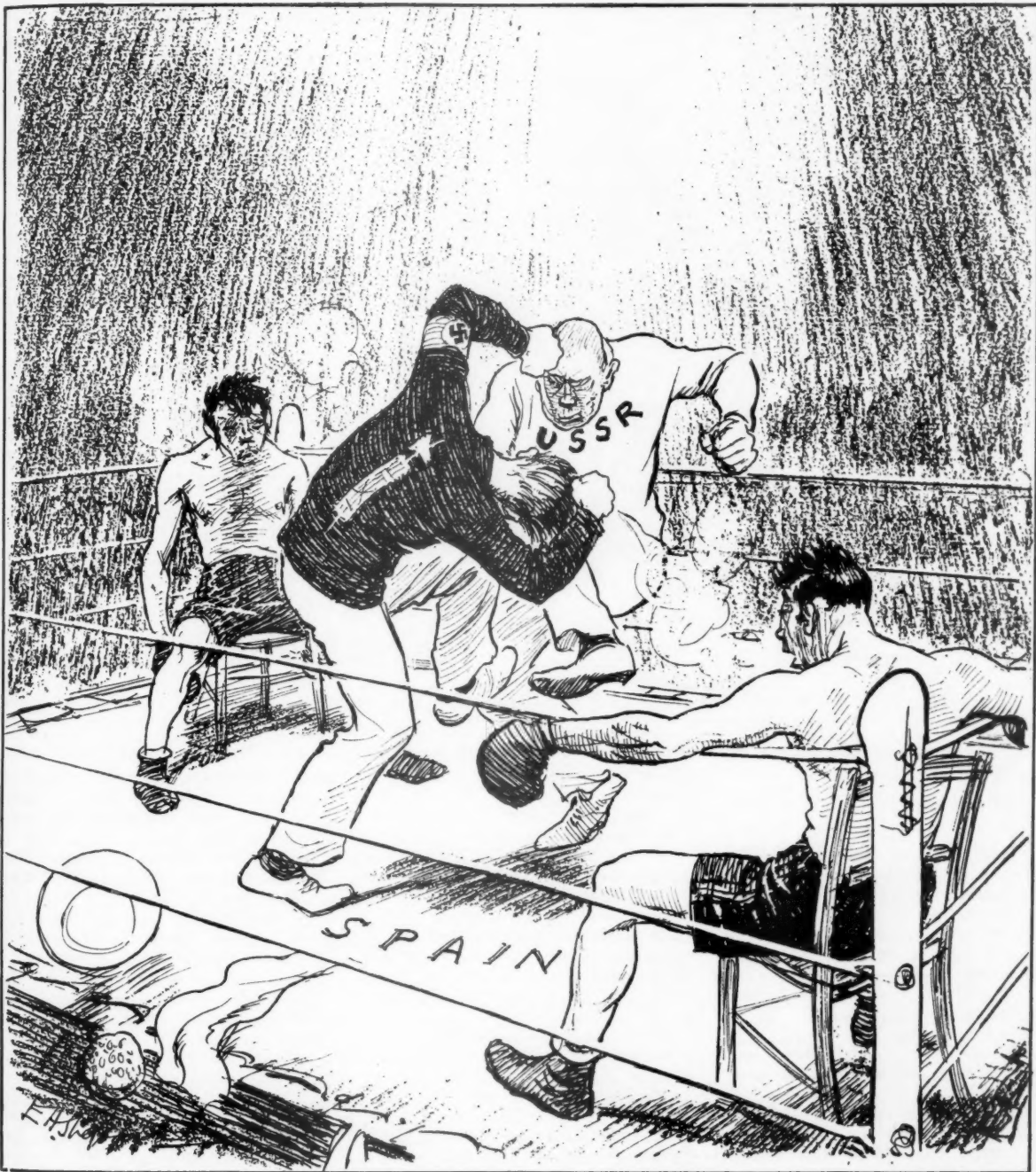
To The Editor, "Punch"

SIR,—The Crystal Palace has been
irrevocably destroyed. St. Pancras
Station will soon suffer a like fate, not
by accident but in the name of pro-
gress, at the deliberate and pitiless
hands of demolition contractors, unless
all lovers of true art make a stand
while there is yet time.

The question of what is to be done
with the cleared Crystal Palace site
surely answers itself. Convey thither
the carefully numbered stones and
girders of St. Pancras Station, and
there re-erect it, precinct upon precinct,
arch upon arch, as an everlasting
monument of the great SCOTT'S
greatest Neo-Gothic inspiration. Here
is a chance for Britons and the Office
of Works to show that they do care
about the things which really and
ultimately matter.

Your obedient Servant,
GLASS HOUSE.

* This small lyric seems to have lost much
of its lilt in translation. What is there
instead seems to be not so much lilt as
silt.—R. M.



SECONDS INTO THE RING

THE PRINCIPALS (*gasping in unison*). "HOW SUPERBLY OUR SYMPATHISERS ARE SUPPORTING US!"



"SEE HERE, CHARLIE—I CAN STAND IT WHEN YOU'RE SHARP AN' I CAN STICK IT WHEN YOU'RE FLAT, BUT I CAN'T ABIDE THEM LONG LAHD NOTES AS MAKES ME GLASSES STEAMY."

The Caraways on America

"THIS is Miss Dean," said Mrs. Caraway, and introduced Christopher and Stephen. They found her a chair, a plate and a cup of Indian tea, and inquired if she liked this kind of bread-and-butter or that. It was then clearly Mrs. Caraway's move.

"Miss Dean is sailing for America on Wednesday," she said.

The ice cracked.

"I say, are you really?" said Christopher. "New York? What boat?"

"Arcadia."

"Takes ten days in rough weather," said Stephen briskly. "Wallows like a hippo, I believe. Still, you'll get there all right."

"Have you been to America before?" asked Mrs. Caraway.

"No. I don't know much about it really. I'm going to stay with a friend."

"I suppose you know something

about it from the flicks?" said Stephen.

"Well, I don't go to cinemas much," said Miss Dean doubtfully.

At this point Stephen and Christopher looked as if they were going to enjoy this tea-party after all.

"Oh, well," said Stephen, "you'll have to know something about the language. What shall we start with, Christopher?"

"How about money? Know what a nickel is? Five cents."

"Dime is ten cents," said Stephen.

"And do you know what two bits is—or are?"

Miss Dean shook her head hopelessly.

"A quarter," said Stephen. "That's twenty-five cents, of course."

"A penny," said Christopher, "is one cent; that's a halfpenny, roughly. Of course you wouldn't use that much. I mean, you wouldn't talk about five pennies, meaning five cents."

"Oh," said Miss Dean.

"Then there's this cracker business,"

said Stephen, frowning in deep thought. "Supposing you wanted a box of Christmas crackers, what would you ask for?"

"I suppose not crackers," said Miss Dean, "or you wouldn't have set that question."

"You'd ask for a box of snappers," said Stephen, "because if you asked for crackers you'd get biscuits, and if you asked for biscuits you'd get muffins, and if you asked for muffins you'd get scones, and if you asked for scones you wouldn't get anything."

"Are you sure you've got that right?" asked Christopher.

"Not really," replied Stephen.

"Doughnuts are different too," said Christopher. "They're shaped like small quoits and you dip them in coffee."

"That's called dunking," explained Stephen. "CLARK GABLE did it, don't you remember? Oh, of course, you wouldn't have seen that."

"Then there's braces," said Christopher; "you call those suspenders."

"And you probably know about trousers," added Stephen. "Calling them pants, I mean."

"Would Miss Dean like some more tea, Stephen?" said Mrs. Caraway loudly.

"Then what else is there? Oh, yes, you won't be understood if you pronounce *futile*, *fertile* and *agile* and all those as we do. You've got to say *futil*, *fertil* and *agil*. And you say temporarily and primarily, and—"

"Miss Dean isn't thinking of becoming a naturalised American," said Mrs. Caraway. "All this is quite unnecessary."

"No, it isn't, Mother," said Christopher. "You've got to know what to expect people to say or you simply don't understand."

"Then about eating," said Stephen. "They have an absurd way of mangling the food with knife and fork first of all, then parking the knife and getting down to it with the fork held in the right hand. If you don't do that they'll think you rather dreadful."

"Not everywhere," said Christopher. "They like you to be English in some places."

"Are you staying in New York, Miss Dean?" asked Mrs. Caraway.

"At first, yes. Then we're motoring West to see some friends in Ohio."

"Motoring? Then you'll need to know the American for 'Punctures Mended,'" said Christopher.

"All right, what is it?"

"Flats Fixed," said Christopher and Stephen together.

"What a ridiculous language!" said Mrs. Caraway. "And I hate the accents you hear on the films."

"Oh, Mother!" sighed Stephen.

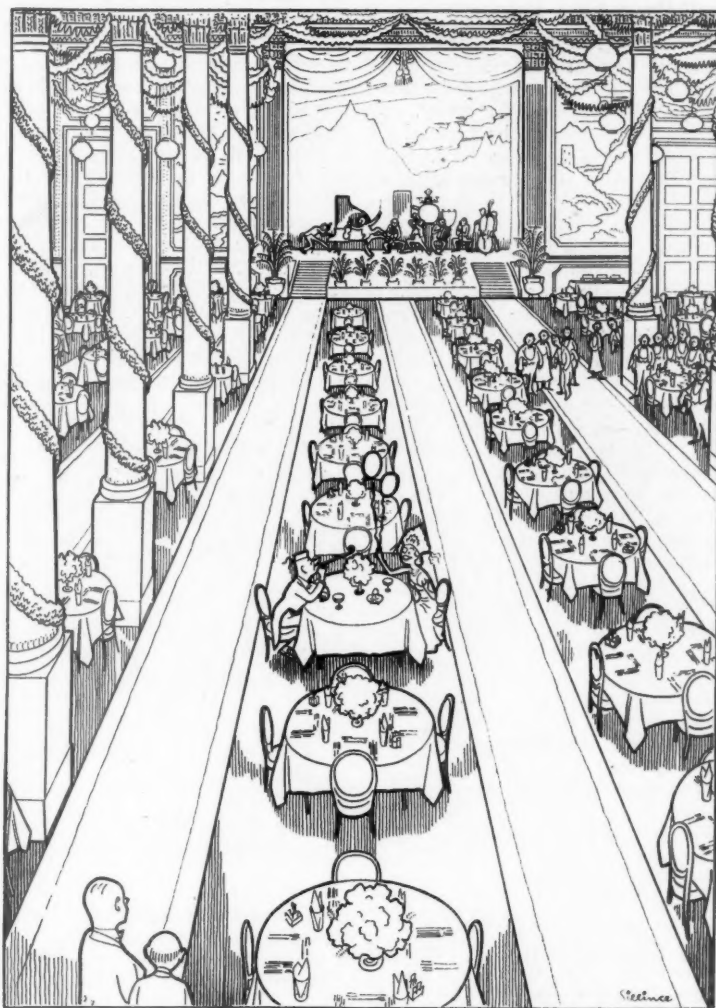
"Supposing an American told you," said Christopher, returning to the attack on Miss Dean, "that Mr. George A. Stuyvesant just called, what would you think he meant?"

"Why, that Mr. George A. Stuyvesant had just called, I suppose," said Miss Dean.

"Wrong," said Stephen. "He'd mean that the man rang up. Very important, because you might think he was in town when really he was right over to California. Over to," he explained proudly, "is American for over in or at."

"I'm sure that Miss Dean isn't interested in all this slang," said Mrs. Caraway. "My husband went to the States and came back again without knowing a word of it."

"Yes, but you know what Father is," said Stephen. "He's so tediously English abroad. They don't like it if



KEEPING THINGS GOING

you are. Think how loathsome American tourists can be sometimes—simply because they don't adapt themselves."

"Nobody can hope to understand the social problems of America," said Christopher, deciding he might as well fit this remark in here as anywhere, "until he has seen a Rhodes Scholar drunk. It is only then that such features of American life as gangsters, football crowds, lynch-law and kidnapping are all explained in a brilliant flash of enlightenment."

"Now and then," explained Stephen to Miss Dean, "we are privileged to hear extracts from a forthcoming play by Christopher Caraway. That

was one. You may have to wait two whole days before another comes along."

"Two whole days," repeated Miss Dean absently. "I'm so sorry, I must be going."

"We forgot something," said Stephen when she had gone. "We never told her about Z being pronounced 'zee.'"

"Or about having bits of pineapple in your lettuce and cream cheese in your pie."

"And we never warned her about going down into the subway and coming up a different shape."

"Some day, Stephen," said Christopher, "we must go to the States."

"Poor Old Palace"

POOR old Crystal Palace!

Many have said that who only saw it from the bathroom, far away, or went there once to see the fireworks, a football-match, a dog-show, the Massed Bands, or the gentleman who did the Death Ride.

But we who lived and served there in the early days of the Great War, we who wore her name upon our cap-band—the proud name, "H.M.S. CRYSTAL PALACE"—we who were married "from" her, we who named our first-born daughter "Crystal," must surely say a word or two more.

On the 5th—or was it the 7th?—of September, 1914, the first two hundred of us marched into the sunny gardens by the Low Level entrance. The Palace was still open to the public then—it was the year of the Imperial Exhibition. Sir HIRAM MAXIM'S Flying Boats—a sort of aerial merry-go-round—were among the "novel attractions" of the show; and our first parade was just below them. Family parties looked down upon us from the whirling carriages while our Commander read to us the Articles of War, and we noted with due solemnity the numerous offences for which the penalty was "death—or such other punishment as is hereinafter mentioned."

We slept in the great lath-and-plaster edifice which was called "Canada"—at first on the floor and then in hammocks. For a few weeks the populace could pay their shillings to come in and see not only the Flying Boats but the sailors drilling. They got their money's-worth, for in those days it had not been decided whether we were to form fours in the naval or the military fashion. Chief Petty Officers and Sergeant-Majors of the Guards fought for our souls in turn, we dutifully obeyed their different directions, but fell into confusion when approached by a marine.

But, whenever possible, we were beautifully and proudly naval. The great dining-rooms were "mess-decks"; our bugle-calls sang of the sea to

Sydenham; and in the evening, through the familiar turnstiles, we "went ashore."

They would not, to our regret, teach us seamanship on the lake; that was the fortunate lot of our successors in the later years; but we, they insisted, were soldiers in sailors' clothing.

And shall we ever forget the first day on which we "went ashore" in full ordinary-seaman's uniform, which looks so simple and is so complicated? The blue jean collar, the bell-bottomed trousers with the extraordinarily inaccessible pockets, the long white singlet (no, it is *not*, as many think, a sort of "dickie"), the tight jumper, the black silk scarf, which must be so carefully knotted, the lanyard and

every corner they came. The hammocks in "Canada" were soon so close that when a man stirred in his sleep a dozen hammocks on either side of him rolled too, like leaves shaken by a breeze. "Spotted fever" raged for a while: stretchers were everywhere; and many a fine volunteer left the Palace on a gun-carriage. We represented His Majesty's Navy at the Lord Mayor's Show of 1914, and marched for miles in the little brown gaiters which showed that we were condescending to do duty "ashore." From the Palace too we furnished the naval contingent for Lord ROBERTS' funeral procession—a moving occasion which some of us will never forget. They got us out of our hammocks in the chilly

dawn and taught us our funeral-drill before breakfast. Two hours later we were taking station ahead of the Guards! We saw the Guardsman drop his rifle: we saw him marched away by a corporal and a file of men. Ah, those were days!

Twice a week we were "cooks" and washed up the plates of a thousand sailors in the steamy dungeons which you have never seen. Then we went out into the icy halls and caught cold. But it was all very good for us. And on the last day of the year we obtained a week's leave and were married in our bell-bottom trousers, but now with

a proud red anchor on our sleeve. The child CRYSTAL is now a mother. Well, well . . .

They laughed at us then, the Crystal Palace sailors. They laughed at Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL too, who was our progenitor. But nobody will laugh at the Royal Naval Division to-day: the enemy never did. Of those first two hundred I think that under ten are alive to-day; and we, the fortunate and undeserving who remain, are not pretending when we say that we are sad to see the poor old Palace go.

A. P. H.

"He was convinced that the solution of the problem lay in making the Army a safe career for the man who joined it."

Report of Speech by Secretary for War.

That certainly ought to bring in recruits in time of war.



Client. "QUICK! CASH THIS CHEQUE FOR £20,000 AT ONCE."

Cashier. "HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT, SIR?"

Client. "OH, IF YOU'VE GOT THE MONEY, I DON'T WANT IT. SOME-ONE TOLD ME THE BANK WAS BROKE."

knife (with marlin-spike), and the round "H.M.S. CRYSTAL PALACE" hat, in which we kept our cigarettes and bus-tickets. In those early days everyone in uniform was assumed by mere civilians to be familiar with all the secrets of the Higher Command. Men would side up to us on the tops of trams and say, "Hullo, Jack; have a cigar?" We would put the cigar away in our hat and then the benefactor would say, "Here, Jack, is that right the *Thunderer's* gone down?" or, "I hear they've sunk three battleships in the North Sea." And we would let it be understood that, though we knew much, we must say little.

The two hundred rapidly grew to thousands. The public were expelled and the Palace became (in aspect) a larger Portsmouth. Tyneside, Clyde-side, Merseyside, Severnside—from

AFR
I fi
On
I se
Fir
and
ther
I
I ha
and

so o
ages
whe
as o

T
I at
I sta
whil
I wa
I pl
And
and



"I SUPPOSE YOU WOULD BE PREPARED TO GUARANTEE THIS AS ABSOLUTELY NON-POLITICAL?"

Lament for a Misspent Youth

AFTER twenty-six years of ceaseless endeavour, I find I have done nothing of any value whatsoever. On looking back down the years I see that I have lived up to my governess's worst fears. Firstly, I have not married into one of the best families, and had noble children I could take to Gamley's, thereby benefiting British trade.

I am very much afraid I haven't even begun to write a book, and somebody else mends my clothes and we have a cook to cook, so of course I can't cook or sew, though once I made a scarf ages ago. Oh, but sometimes I have to laugh when I think of the things that I might have done as opposed to the things that I do now, which are *such, such* fun.

This is my life. I go to the theatre, always of course in the stalls;

I attend far, far too many Hunt Balls; I stand soddenly for hours at Point-to-points, while the marrow suddenly freezes in my joints; I watch other people hunt or fish for salmon; I play bridge and b  zique and backgammon. And naturally I dance a lot in suffocating places; and sometimes I go to the Races;

and in the summer I bathe in Odney Pool by moonlight, to keep cool.

Then there is the Season's merry mad whirl, which is more or less one long battle to keep my hair in curl, with intervals for sitting out in parked cars. In the winter of course I have a frightfully amusing time selling blotters at Charity Bazaars.

Oddly enough, I always expected to do something magnificent one day;

but somehow, strangely and quietly, the years have slipped away

and I have done nothing. Oh, I'm quite kind and I'm polite

to old ladies and gentle with dogs. I might almost say I'm intelligent. Anyhow, I'm well-educated—I mean, once I translated "The Ancient Mariner" into French.

I am moderately talented and I do not blench easily or scream or cry.

And so, when I, to misquote MILTON, consider how my life is spent, I sometimes wonder whether it was meant to be quite so silly, or myself quite such an ass!

This mood will pass, though—like the years, it will pass.
V. G.

Free Samples

ONE of the fallacies—at any rate so far as I am concerned—that animate the manufacturers of patent toilet articles and so forth, who, in the form of provocative Free Samples, send them out, is that we want to change. I mean that we who are older want to change. The young may be impressionable and easily influenced towards experiment; I cannot say, because when I was young no tradesman took the trouble to send me anything. It is now, when I am a die-hard, that all these tins and tubes and bottles are pursuing me into the last ditch.

Every post brings one or two. This very morning, for instance, came a bottle most beautifully packed, and I must admit that the way in which Free Samples are done up is very attractive: in fact too attractive, for the recipient, hoping for an honest gift, is continually being disappointed. There should be a pre-warning label affixed by Law. But no, that is not the case; and if it were, I assume that far fewer Free Samples would be sent out; far fewer sprats would swim in the mackerel-infested sea.

To return to this morning, among my letters was this comely package, which might have contained any gift from a kind observant friend that I really wanted: a gold pencil, for instance. As I removed the wrappings there was practically nothing lovely, small and compact that my eager thoughts did not foreshadow. But I was wrong again. The parcel contained not a gold pencil but a tube of tooth-paste. No doubt it was sound serviceable tooth-paste, but it was of no use to me, as I have been true to another make for many, many years.

Yesterday the wrappings, when torn off, revealed a bottle of cough-mixture. The label promised me that if a cough threatened and I took a spoonful of this decoction in time, I should cough no more. "In time." Maybe I should benefit; maybe not; but the point is that I have long since been trying, and not finding wanting, an elixir of my own; and as the bathroom shelves already have enough responsibility, I gave the Free Sample to a chauffeur; and I have been wondering since if this may not be the real purpose of those who distribute the Free Samples so lavishly: to get them into still other hands.

Two or three days ago it was tobacco; and tobacco is of course better. Tobacco may be really worth an experiment. You know the tempting epithets

assembled by tobaccoists with which to describe their blends. "Fragrant," "choice," "aromatic," "cool," even "delicious." Well, most of them were applied to my sample tin; but my experience is that when the tin is opened all forms of tobacco, whether straight or mixtures, smell equally fascinating; it is when you begin to smoke that the differences tell. But on the present occasion, when I went on to fill a pipe and light it, I found it extremely good. Promise and performance coincided, and I made a note to buy a tin. A marvellous Free Sample at last!

Or so I thought until I met an old friend who said, "I hope you liked the tobacco I sent you the other day. I have always thought your own brand could be improved."

I was for a moment perplexed. "So you sent that tin?" I said.

"Yes," he replied. "Do you object?"

"Not at all," I said; "but you have spoilt, or at any rate impaired, an article I am writing. I liked it; I am smoking it now."

"Well," he said, "what's the matter with that?"

"Nothing," I said, "except that in my article Free Samples are a bore. And I thought yours was a Free Sample, and it wasn't, and it isn't a bore. So you see what authors have to put up with!"

"By George!" he exclaimed. "And I was looking for gratitude!"

I cannot say what results accrue, but a generous guess would put at a pretty low figure the actual sales that Free Samples induce. But the cost of themselves (with packing) and of postage remains. In other words, this cost should go far to wipe out the National Debt.

The only Free Sample that at the moment I can think of as being desirable, is a fountain-pen in white vulcanite instead of black. This I would gladly accept and recommend, the purpose of the colour being that when I laid the pen down on a black desk I could find it again; which now I never can. But no firm has sent me this.

Meanwhile I can offer a tip to anyone who wishes to wallow in the joy of getting something for nothing. Announce that you have a baby.

E. V. L.

Spit and Polish

"In the evening an elocution recital was given by Miss Stutter."—*Local Paper.*

"Popular is the person who plays piano . . . at any time."

Piano Advertisement.

So our neighbour's little girl seems to think.

Chukchoo!

(Lines which came to the bard in a nightmare, after reading in the *Observer* the report of Mr. GREGORY PETROV of Moscow on the progressive Chukchoos of Wrangel Island in the Arctic. He says they can now fox-trot and one-step; and "they now wear underclothing and pay weekly visits to the 'banya' (public baths)"; they are abandoning their *igloos* for European dwellings; and "a Latinised alphabet has been worked out for them in Moscow in which they are about to read MARX and LENIN.")

CHUKCHOO, Chukchoo!

Here's something you never knew.

'Seems the Chukchoos (or Chukchooses),

Their squaws and their papooses

(If these are the terms one uses)

Can fox-trot and one-step too.

They have no further use

For their *igloos*

(Or is it *iglooses*?),

But are adopting a European dwelling

Less cramped and ill-smelling.

Mr. PETROV (GREGORY)

Reports that dirt and beggary

And all that's now taboo.

Chukchoo, Chukchoo!

Chukchoo, Chukchoo!

Whereas hitherto

Their amenities were few,

Now—can ya

Beat it?—they've a weekly *banya*,

And (I wouldn't be surprised,

They're so civilised)

A haircut and shampoo;

And—another big advance—

Now they wear vests-and-pance,

Same like the Commissars do.

Chukchoo, Chukchoo!

Chukchoo, Chukchoo!

The O.G.P.U.

And the U.S.S.R. are out to new-fangle

The Island of Wrangel,

Exploring all avenues

(So Mr. GREGORY PETROV

Is a-telling of).

Doubtless the Chukchoos

(Or Chukchooses) find some strain in

Learning the works of LENIN

In a Latinised alphabet;

And yet, and yet—

So swiftly, surely moves the Soviet—

One day as scribes and clerks

They'll get full MARX;

Nay, unless progress errs,

They will in time be Senior Wranglers;

I'm tellin' you.

Chukchoo, Chukchoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo!

Chukchoo!

H. B.

May I?

"CERTAINLY you can, Bobby," I replied.

Bobby held out his hand for the shilling, but I went on reading studiously.

"Why don't you give the boy the money?" Isobel exclaimed. "You know what he wants it for: just a little present for Miss Smith, who's leaving the school. Have you got another wave of economy coming on?"

Ignoring the unjustified diatribe, I remarked to Bobby, "Let me explain once more, my boy, that there is a great difference between my saying 'You can have a shilling' and 'You may have a shilling.' In the first case I inform you that you are able to have a shilling, but I do not say that I will agree to give you one; in the second instance I tell you that you are allowed to have a shilling and I actually give it to you."

"What's the difference?" Isobel inquired heatedly.

"One shilling," I replied.

"Can I have the shilling now, Daddy?" Bobby inquired patiently.

"May I," I prompted.

"May I, can I have it, 'cos I've got to take it to school to-morrow?"

I sighed and paid.

"What a lot of fools there are in this world!" Isobel remarked to the wireless set as she twiddled the knobs.

"You do right in tilting at the windmills of the B.B.C.," I agreed, "but it is well that they cannot hear you, for I fear that the sentence, 'What a lot of fools there are,' might cause them pain, the Powers-that-be at Broadcasting House being Grade A English purists."

Isobel looked at me coldly. "I said nothing wrong," she said.

"Only one word."

"Yes, and what?"

"Are."

"I said, 'What a lot of fools there are,' and the biggest of the lot is—"

"Let us preserve the semblance of decency in our discussion, my dear," I ventured. "The boy is young, and the young are impressionable. 'Tis education forms the common mind: Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined."

Isobel lit a cigarette and faced me. "Because you mess about in a room by yourself for an odd night or two scribbling a lot of rubbish no one will ever read, wasting goodness knows how much current for the electric fire, smoking too much and having a spot or two out of the decanter on the quiet, you think you're a Master of English,



Young Outemdown (to casual acquaintance). "WHAT SORT OF HORSE WOULD I WANT FOR HUNTING WITH THE OLD MUDFORD? OH, ONE THAT STANDS STILL ALL DAY AND TROTS HOME TEN MILES AN HOUR."

don't you? Thank Heaven Bobby didn't ask for two shillings!"

"To revert to the original point," I remarked, "and ignoring your unmerited comments upon my literary and other tastes, I must inform you for the good of your soul that your sentence, 'What a lot of fools there are,' would ring more tunelessly on the ear if it were changed to 'What a lot of fools there is.'"

"Fools are!" Isobel exclaimed angrily.

"Lot is," I murmured, turning to my book.

"Whether they is or are, I know who'd be made Prime Minister if Parliament were a fool's paradise."

I nodded in tactful agreement. "A woman's intuition is usually correct," I conceded.

And that night I ran out of petrol at the foot of the hill near Brown's new house, which was fortunate in a way, because he's on the phone. I rang up my house and told Isobel of my plight.

"What a lot of——" she began.

"I say," I interrupted, "I haven't time to be funny now. I want to get home. Can you get the spare can of petrol in the garage and send May with it?"

"Can! May!" Isobel replied with irritating vagueness. "Oh, I understand. You want May, the maid, to bring the can of petrol—is that it?"

"Yes, yes!"

"All right, she may if she can."

"There is a lot——" I exclaimed, but Isobel had replaced the receiver.

CAMBRIDGE WIN UNIVERSITY RUGGER MATCH—OXFORD BEATEN HARD LUCK, OXFORD!

*By a Member of the
Victorious Oxford XV of 1861*

THIS was a curious game, in which honours were about even, though the verdict went to Cambridge—rightly, in my opinion, as they led, albeit by but a single point, at no-side. Cambridge started off strongly, and it was at once apparent that the handling of their three-quarters was superior to that of their opponents. *This may have been due to the slight mist that overhung the ground or the fact that their giving and taking of passes was more skilfully executed, though no doubt the absence of Obolensky was a contributory factor.* Tubby Grainger, the old Cambridge forward, who sat next to me in the block on the West Stand reserved for *Punch* critics, told me that it was ability to hold the ball that gave his side the victory in 1888, and I promptly bet him half-a-sovereign that that result would be reversed to-day—much to the amusement of that great full-back, Leslie Boot. I was naturally jubilant a moment later when Oxford got over for a well-earned try.

Freakes was playing a grand defensive game for his side.

Clever passing and intelligent back-up soon gained Cambridge a try and, the kick at goal failing, the score stood at five to three in Oxford's favour.

OXFORD SCORE

I had just turned round to remind that wonderful hooker and stylist, Jimmy Dumbell, of an incident in the drawn game of 1908, when MacDonald, on the Cambridge left wing, scored his decisive try, and in the general cheering most of our conversation was lost.

PANDEMONIUM

So tense was the atmosphere in the second half that trouble broke out between the Oxford and Cambridge contributors, and in the free fight which followed my notes on this period of the match unhappily perished.

A great game.

Some Interesting Figures

This match will go down to history as a match of records (writes Mr. D. H. Thwacker, official scorer to the West Harrogate R.F.C. since 1902). Never before in the whole series of encounters has the University Match been won by two tries to a goal. There have been several occasions on which the winning side has been credited with two tries, notably in the seasons 1877-8, 1885-6, 1891-2, 1897-8, but in each of these cases the losing team failed to score. Similarly, though a score of a single goal by the losing side is not unknown, the opposition has always on these occasions scored more than six points.

Moreover this is the first victory by so narrow a margin as one point since the match has been played at Twickenham.

FAILURE TO INCREASE THEIR SCORE LEADS TO DOWNFALL OF DARK BLUES

Oxford failed to press home the advantage of five points they held at one time in the University Match played at Twickenham on December 8th, and by allowing Cambridge to score two unconverted tries without reply, forfeited their chance to avenge the defeat inflicted on them in 1934.

(By cable from Buenos Aires, where our Special Representative has been considering the reports of the match transmitted to him from this country.)

BUENOS AIRES, MONDAY.

Bad tactics lost this game for the Dark Blues. There is little doubt that Oxford's attack lacked intelligence

Punch and the University Match

Once again the arrangements made by *Punch* to give its readers a full and accurate account of the Battle of the Blues were unexcelled by any paper. No fewer than one hundred-and-eighteen Old Blues were chartered to record their impressions of the game from specially-selected points of vantage, while to cater for the social side of the occasion six notorious gossip-writers moved about the stands jotting down the names and costumes of well-known spectators. In addition, four women reporters of proved tenacity mingled freely with the teams in their dressing-rooms after the match. Naturally considerations of space make it impossible to include all the material thus made available in the present issue.

Owing to a misapprehension, the fifty skilled artists engaged to portray every incident of importance in the game were driven to the Crystal Palace on the afternoon of the match. Their pictures of the ruins are unavoidably held over.

during the second half when they were led by six points to five. It is true they were pressing Cambridge for most of this period, and on several occasions came very close to their opponents' line, but the fact remains that no try resulted. The proof of the pudding, in Rugby Football as in everything else, is in the eating. In my opinion it would have paid them to launch their attacks from further back. Had they kept the ball in their own half, instead of carrying it into the Light Blues' territory, they would have had more room in which to move, and in addition

would have kept Cambridge in the dark as to their intentions.

It looks as if Grieve had overdone the diagonal kick ahead.

I understand that Percy, the Oxford left wing, did not receive a pass during the game, which must indicate either a poor service from the scrum, bad handling in the three-quarter line, or selfish play on the part of the centres. Whatever the reason, it is obviously difficult to estimate Percy's ability on this showing, and I shall accordingly say nothing beyond the fact that he is from all accounts a promising player.

To sum up, Cambridge's win was due to their superiority in getting two tries, whereas Oxford could achieve no more than a single goal. Five points was not good enough under the circumstances to give them victory.

Good work, Cambridge!

What the Oxford Critics are Saying

"I am disappointed with the result," writes Percy R. Flute, Camberwell Professor of Applied Conchology at Oxford University. "Cooper, in my opinion, made a fatal mistake in not calling for the new ball at half-time. Spin is the secret of quick heeling."

Conchologist Flute played for many years in the Hartlepool XV before he became interested in shells.

Great indignation was expressed in All Souls' College at Oxford's failure to score in the second half. "We ought to have been able to hack our way through somehow," said one knowledgeable Don, while another expressed the view that Obolensky should have been played in spite of his injury. "There would have been no occasion for him to run," he pointed out, "and his presence would have had a deep psychological effect on our opponents."

The Undergraduates' Monitor devotes three pages to criticism of the referee.

CAMBRIDGE CAPTAIN CELEBRATES WIN WITH PINT OF LEMONADE

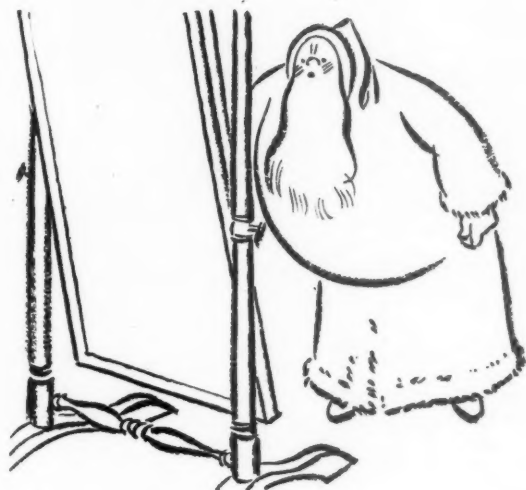
According to one report, C. D. Laborde, Cambridge's popular skipper, drank nearly a pint of lemonade after the match. "Rugby Football makes you thirsty," he said laughingly when our representative questioned him on this point.

The Cambridge players spoke modestly of their victory. "Oh, I don't know, you know," was the general verdict in the Light Blue camp.

The Oxford team, who left the ground in a fast closed car for an

*J. A. MacDonald, who scored Cambridge's second try after a great run, is a keen archaeologist. "Ur" was his first word when asked to give a message to *Punch* readers by one of our women reporters.*

unknown destination, were not unduly cast down by their defeat. "We did our best," said a stalwart forward, biting his scrum-cap shyly. H. F. E.



FATHER CHRISTMAS SETS AN EXAMPLE

T.DERRICK



THE BRITISH CHARACTER

STRONG TENDENCY TO BECOME DOGGY

The Wine Catalogue

THERE'S rain on the windows, grey winter is raking
A flurry of leaves through the paths of the park,
While down on the pavement the street lamps are
making
Strange shapes of the shadows that people the dark.
So hand me that Wine List and draw tight the curtain,
Pull in to the fire, take the comfiest chair;
For wine and its choosing—of this I am certain—
Good wine and its choosing take time and great care.

So skip through the Index and Preface preceding,
Pass over the details *re* Credit and Sale;
The Licensing Act makes but very poor reading,
And also the bit about Empties by Rail.
Dive into the pages of Ports and of Sherries,
A tick in the margin—there's no time like *now*;
A case of "Pale Golden," the white grapes of Jerez,
An order from shipments by COCKBURN or DOW.

A fig for the cost! Though it may be quite flagrant.
Excuse? Well, it's Christmas and Christmas quite soon;
So mark that sound claret, fine, silky and fragrant,
As also this wine from the Sauternes Commune.
Madeira, Old Malmsey (for luncheon it's handy),
Champagne, the best cuvée, the finest they sell;
And let's go a bust on some very old Brandy,
And end off the list with a case of Moselle.

Rich produce of Barsax, Côte d'Or and Epernay,
From Spain, across France to the banks of the Rhine,
Good wine of the Médoc, Oporto, Obernai,
Long binned or well married, the blood of the vine.
So here's to this Yuletide, the toasts most propitious—
To England and Absent Ones gone from our ken,
To friends in Malaya, Ceylon or Mauritius,
To Peace upon Earth and Goodwill towards Men!
G. C. N.

Further Conversations with an Employer

" 'SITTING in front of the mirror the greatgrandmother gazed at her own reflection' full stop fresh para. 'It was a beautiful old face' full stop open quotes. Wait. Delete everything after what I said last. What *did* I say last, Miss Pin?"

"You said 'It was a beautiful old face full stop open quotes.'"

"Ah. *Don't* open quotes, Miss Pin. On no account open quotes. And don't hustle me. I must think. Good heavens alive, Miss Pin, am I forbidden to think? I am only too painfully aware that a creative artist is *nothing* and *no one*—the vilest insect that ever crawled beneath the feet of a contemptuous world—but even a worm has its rights, surely. It may *think* if it may do nothing else. I ask you, Miss Pin, humbly and with the utmost diffidence, to allow me one moment—no more, but, on the other hand, no less—in which to collect my thoughts. What did I say last?"

" 'It was a beautiful old face full stop open quotes.'"

"Forgive me, Miss Pin, but can you for one instant seriously conceive that I am interested in full stop open quotes? Let me implore you to give me the spirit rather than the letter of such miserable inspiration as may be mine."

" 'It was a beautiful old face,' Mr. Pancatto."

" 'It was a beautiful old face.' But *was* it a beautiful old face, Miss Pin? I no longer feel sure of it. I don't care for the word. It was some other kind of old face."

"Was it a handsome old face, perhaps?"

"Definitely not. Understand me, Miss Pin. The suggestion is a wholly admirable one—I like it immensely—but I feel it's *wrong*. Wrong from A to Z. 'It was a beautiful old face.'"

"Am I to take that down, Mr. Pancatto?"

" 'It was a noble old face. It was a tiresome old face. It was a hideous old face. It was'—ha-ha-ha!—'an *indescribable* old face.' You must forgive me, Miss Pin, if I beg you not to sit with your pencil poised in that manner. It agitates me unspeakably. It makes it impossible—utterly and completely impossible—for me to concentrate. And *have* you, whilst I think of it, verified my train to Birmingham and told that intolerable fellow with the red hair to come and see about the electric fires, and posted that script to the theatre in a *registered envelope*?"

"Yes, Mr. Pancatto, it's all done."

"Miss Pin, I should be lost without you. Lost. Ruined. 'It was a ruined old face.'"

"Oh, no. Surely not. Could it—could it perhaps be a kind old face? Or a powerful old face?"

"No, Miss Pin, no. You mean well. You have, if I may say so, a well-meaning old face. Figuratively speaking, of course. But it could be nothing like that. 'It was a vicious old face. It was a maddening old face.' No, no, it won't do. Miss Pin, we may as well face it. I'm finished. I'm *done*. I shall never do a stroke of work again. Words elude me—inspiration fails me—I am for all practical purposes in the last stages of senility."

"I suppose it couldn't be a senile old face, could it?"

"Not on any account, Miss Pin. If

anything, it was rather an intelligent old face. But leave it—leave it alone. I shall never write another line. I see it plainly. We all have to come to it sooner or later, and I don't wish to complain. I've had my innings and now I'm finished. Down and out. Useless. In a week I shall be forgotten—and not for worlds, Miss Pin, would I have it otherwise. The old must give way to the young. They must *expect* to be flung aside, to moulder forgotten on the dust-heap. 'It was a mouldy old face.' No, too colloquial. Much, much too colloquial. As I thought, I am no longer able to put the simplest phrase together. The end has come. That's all. The end."

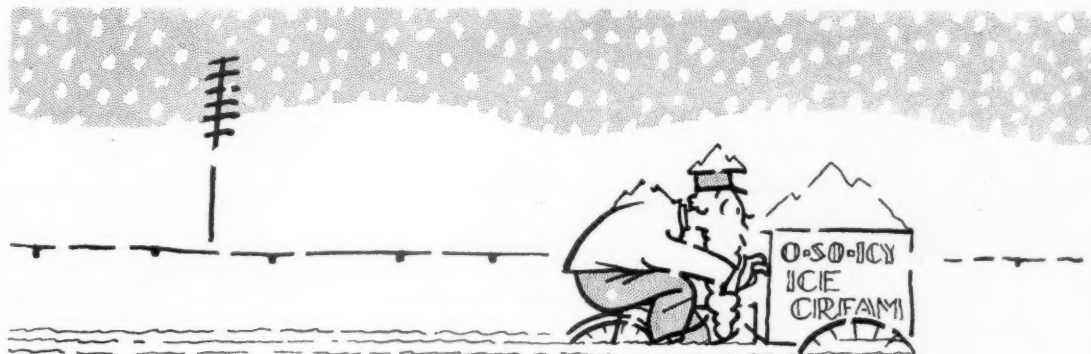
"There's the telephone, Mr. Pancatto. Shall I just see . . .?"

"By all means, Miss Pin. You will no longer be required to take dictation from me, for the simple reason that a decrepit moron in the last stages of mental decay is not in a position to dictate anything to anybody. You may just as well answer the telephone as do anything else."

* * * * *
". . . A five-thousand-word story for their Christmas Number, and they'd like it not later than the end of this month if you can possibly manage it. What shall I say?"

"Say I'll do it, Miss Pin. With every other author in the civilized world appearing in the Christmas annuals, I naturally prefer to see my name amongst them. Besides, they pay extraordinarily well. Say that as a *great* favour I'll do it. Thank you, Miss Pin. I am infinitely obliged. It was definitely a *delightful* old face. A thoroughly charming old face."

E. M. D.



Jungersen

"WILL NOBODY STOP ME?"

KING GEORGE THE SIXTH**LOVE, THE PILOT**

WITH MR. PUNCH'S MOST LOYAL GOOD WISHES TO GROUP-CAPTAIN THE DUKE
OF YORK, R.A.F., AND HIS BRIDE

Reproduced from "Punch," April 25, 1923



THE CHOICE

THE PRIME MINISTER. "ALL THE PEOPLES OF YOUR EMPIRE, SIR, SYMPATHISE WITH YOU MOST DEEPLY; BUT THEY ALL KNOW—AS YOU YOURSELF MUST—THAT THE THRONE IS GREATER THAN THE MAN."

I
=

M

T

W

T

Id
sit
tw
inc
th
FA

cit
Qu
usu

(GUA

"T
destr
Lord
Road

Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Monday, December 7th.—Lords: Statement on Constitutional Situation.

Commons: Statement on Constitutional Situation. Public Order Bill read a Third Time.

Tuesday, December 8th.—Lords: Trunk Roads Bill given Second Reading.

Commons: Debate on Special Areas. Government Concession.

Wednesday, December 9th.—Lords: Debate on Control of Historical Films.

Commons: Debates on Recruiting and National Parks.

Thursday, December 10th.—Lords and Commons: Message from The King announcing his Abdication.

Monday, December 7th.—Identical statements on the situation which has arisen between the KING and his Cabinet were made in both Houses this afternoon, by Lord HALIFAX and Mr. BALDWIN.

The Commons was clearly excited, and was packed to its limits at Question-time; but a number of unusually dull answers were patiently

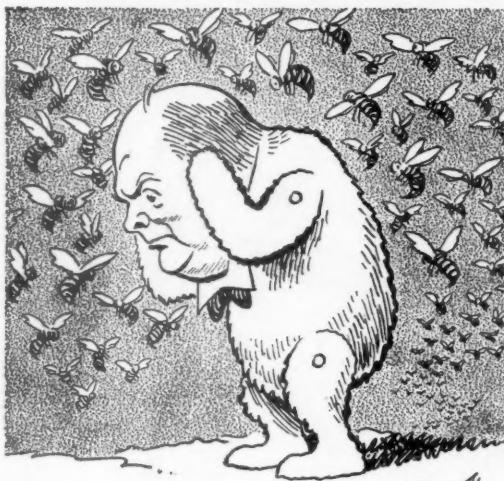
tolerated until feeling suddenly overflowed at a Question from Colonel WEDGWOOD asking for an early opportunity to discuss his motion affirming

tion asking if the P.M. was aware of the deep personal sympathy which the House was feeling for him.

Later the Public Order Bill was given its Third Reading, a clause being negatived which added to the present dangers of writing things on walls, and another accepted which will make it possible for us to impersonate Sir OSWALD MOSLEY in full fancy-dress this Christmas without the risk of prosecution. Charades are saved.

Tuesday, December 8th.—After Lord ERNE had moved the Second Reading of the Trunk Roads Bill in the Upper House this afternoon Lord PONSONBY, while pledging the general support of his Party and expressing for Mr. HORBELISHA the deep sympathy which he declared he felt for any conscientious failure, objected that the Bill contained only a minor reference to safety.

Quite a pretty skirmish in the Word War was then fought by Lord CRAWFORD, who chided Lord ERNE on his invention of the horrid verb "to blockgrant," and warned him of the awful etymological snares of a career at the Ministry of Transport. In his view the Bill took



A HORNET'S NEST
POOR WINNIE-THE-POOH!

unalterable allegiance to the KING. Mr. BALDWIN's reply was a curt, "No, Sir," and when Colonel WEDGWOOD went on he was shouted down on all sides before the SPEAKER ruled him out of order.

In reply to Mr. ATTLEE, Mr. BALDWIN then told the House how earnestly the Government wished to help the KING in arriving at the important decision which faced him, and how the KING was no less anxious than the Government that the present suspense should be dispelled as soon as possible. The whole issue, Mr. BALDWIN said, had been first raised by the KING himself, to whom the Government had tendered no advice except on the subject of a morganatic marriage; and he concluded his statement by expressing the deep sympathy of the House with HIS MAJESTY. This was greeted with loud cheers.

When Mr. CHURCHILL again pressed that no irrevocable step should be taken without the full knowledge of Parliament, the House made it painfully clear that it considered his intervention ill-timed; and as he continued to repeat his question in spite of a disrespectful roar of "Sit down!" the SPEAKER objected to his persistence in going beyond his question. At this he gave up the attempt.

The real temper of the House could be judged by the intensity of the cheers which followed Mr. LAMBERT's ques-



THE FAUN

(GUARDIAN OF COUNTRY LIFE AND PURSUITS)

"The Minister should be careful not to destroy the amenities of the countryside."—Lord Crawford and Balcarres on the Trunk Roads Bill.



THE COMPLEAT ANGLER
MR. DUFF COOPER FISHES FOR MORE RECRUITS.

the preservation of the amenities of the countryside too lightly.

Sir JOHN SIMON, acting for the P.M., had no constitutional news for Mr. ATTLEE.



Modern Explorer. "AS A MATTER OF FACT, CAPTAIN, I VERY RARELY WEAR AN OVERCOAT."

On the House going into Committee on the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill, the Opposition moved the exclusion of the Special Areas Act, which it described as a failure. Mr. DAGGAR, who put the case for South Wales, claimed that with a few exceptions the Commissioner's Report had condemned the Government's policy. Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR feared that Mr. BROWN had not yet succeeded in conveying to his colleagues his own sense of the urgency of the problem; Lord EUSTACE PERCY warned the Cabinet that the proposed Bill would have to be on really broad lines to satisfy Government supporters; Sir ROBERT HORNE urged that transference should only be adopted as a last resort, and Mr. ANEURIN BEVAN protested that expeditions now went to the Distressed Areas as they used to go to the Arctic.

In the end the Government accepted an Amendment from Lord WOLMER which limited the life of the present Act to the end of next May. By that date something will positively have to be done.

Wednesday, December 9th.—The Government had no constitutional news for an anxious Parliament, except that they hoped to be in a position to make a statement to-morrow.

The House of Commons spent most

of the day thinking out subtle means for snaring ambitious young men to recruiting offices, and for this Mr. DUFF COOPER appeared suitably grateful.

Thursday, December 10th.—A sad, dramatic, unforgettable day in Parliament. Both Houses listened as if a little stunned to the Message from His Majesty in which he announced his

"final and irrevocable decision" to leave the throne in favour of H.R.H. the Duke of YORK.

In the Commons Mr. BALDWIN, whose handling as a tired man of perhaps the most delicate situation with which a Prime Minister could be faced was later in the evening admitted on all sides to have been masterly in its combination of firmness and sympathy, made a profound impression when he narrated the steps which had led up to the KING's action and described with what frankness the KING and he had discussed the growing situation and how much the KING had been conscious of his duty to his people and to his brother. "Where I failed," Mr. BALDWIN told the House, "nobody could have succeeded"; and "None of us will want to judge him."

When the House met again after a brief adjournment speeches paying tribute to the KING and welcoming his brother were made by Mr. ATTLEE and Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR. Mr. CHURCHILL was explanatory, and the I.L.P. seized the occasion to urge the advantage of a Republic.

In the Upper House the Message was read by Lord HALIFAX, who spoke briefly, and he was followed by Lord SNELL, Lord CREWE, the PRIMATE, who was particularly good, and Lord SALISBURY.



OUR BACK-BENCH WHO'S WHO
Mr. PERKINS is the Member for Stroud
(Which rhymes with Cloud),
And is one of those who really care
For the air.

The Baby

"I AM quite prepared to admit," I said to Edith, "that the new baby at 'The Firs' is an exceptional child, with a great deal more hair than is usual, an expression of astounding intelligence, and kicking-power almost unparalleled in the whole history of the human race. But I cannot see why a newcomer should be allowed to undermine the purity of our national language."

"I'm sure he's done no such thing, the little chicky-wicky," said Edith.

"There!" I said triumphantly, "you've done it again. At dinner you asked me if I would like some more soupy-woupy, and you told Hilda to bring in the coffee-woffee. I don't object to your speaking thus daftly when in the baby's presence, but surely you needn't inflict it on me."

"Are you coming to-night to see little Paul have his bathy-wathy?" asked Edith. "They have a sort of royal reception at 'The Firs' every evening and almost everybody has attended except yourself. Mr. Johnson-

Clitheroe was there last night, and it was a pretty sight to see that gimlet-eyed chartered accountant dandling little Paul on his knee. Quite a soft expression came on his face."

"I'm not surprised," I said bitterly. "The whole of Little Wobbley seems to have gone soft about that creature."

I don't like babies at all, and this one, belonging to the new people at "The Firs," is at the absurd stage when the head seems fixed so insecurely on the shoulders that one feels that at any moment it may drop off and roll on the floor. I was quite determined to keep well away from "The Firs," but I hadn't bargained for Master Paul calling at our house, which he did last Sunday, bringing with him his father and mother and a couple of aunts. Colonel Hogg was with us at the time, and he agreed with me that the whole exhibition was revolting.

"Look at Colonel Hoggy-Woggy," said the proud mother; "look at his big red nose-y-wosey. Would a chick-a-biddy like to touch a big red nose-y-wosey?" The Colonel withdrew hastily, and the infant gazed at him in surprised horror for a minute and then started screaming the house down.

"Did a horrid Hoggy-Woggy give a chick-a-biddy a nasty look, then?" said his mother. "Wouldn't a horrid Hoggy-Woggy give a chick-a-biddy his big red nose to play with, then?"

The baby stared in my direction.

"That's Mr. Conky-Wonky," said his mother. "Mr. Conky-Wonky is a nice man, not like a nasty Hoggy-Woggy." Evidently the baby acquiesced in this kindly judgment, for his so-called features broke into a smile and he lunged in my direction. I knew that if I didn't make a quick get-away I should be obliged to nurse him.

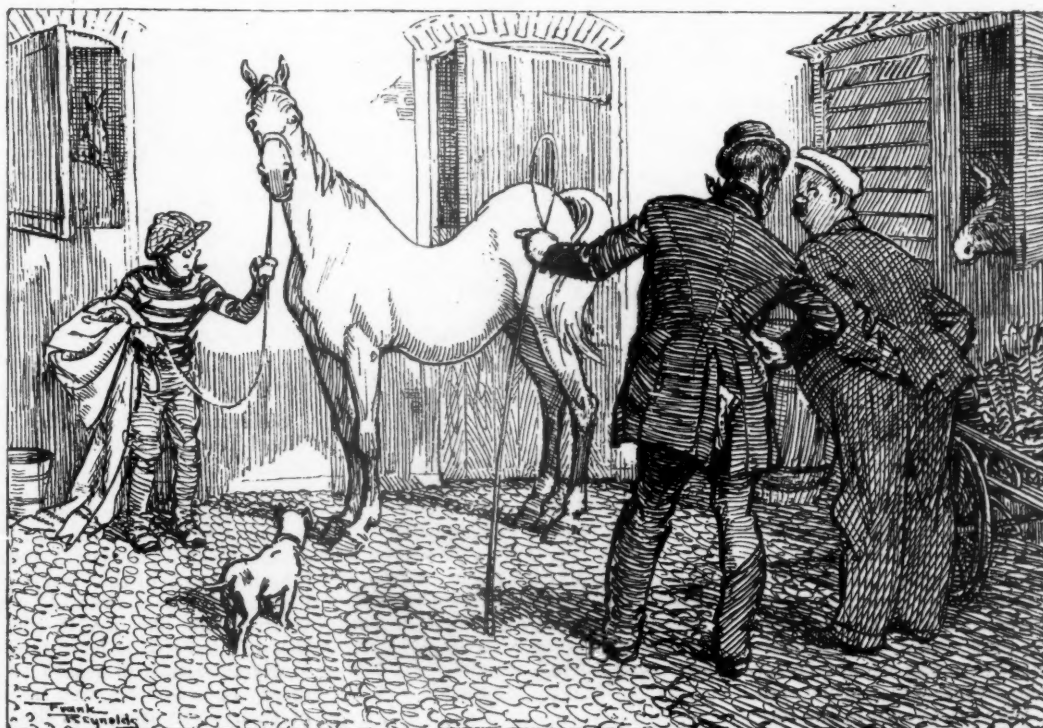
"I think I'll come down to your place and fetch that book you promised me, Colonel," I said, rising hastily.

The Colonel seemed equally glad of the excuse to escape, and we walked down the road discussing the utter foolishness of ordinarily sane people in the presence of babies.

"Edith is talking baby-talk all the time," I said, "and it upsets me. I'm glad to get away from it for a bit."

"So am I," said the Colonel heartily, taking a case from his pocket. "Will you have a cigary-warry?"

I sighed bitterly and removed the bandy-wandy.



Unlikely Purchaser. "DIPS A BIT, DON'T 'E?"

Dealer. "WELL, YOU SEE, 'E USED TO WORK WITH A CONJURER WHO SAWED AN 'ORSE IN TWO."

At the Play

"THE WITCH OF EDMONTON" (OLD VIC)

The Witch of Edmonton is in the full tradition of the English theatre. It is a play with plenty of characters carved roughly in wood and brightly coloured, without much artistry. Its plot, sprawling and untidy, is concerned with full-blooded wickedness in seventeenth-century England. It begins with marriage dances and it ends with a fine view of Tyburn gallows, which are not there just for show.

Miss EDITH EVANS makes a grand *Mother Sawyer*, the name part of the play, bringing out the persecuted loneliness of the unpleasant old woman in a way which dignifies the whole piece, probably much beyond any intention the hack dramatists ever harboured. That is one of the troubles when great actresses like Miss EDITH EVANS give their talents to these old plays. They see and bring out human depths which the original audiences were not much concerned with.

A little more and this revival could pass as a moving story, like the film *Fury*, of mob cruelty and the brutality of the common people ruining the objects of its hatred. For it is that hatred, over many years, which drives *Mother Sawyer* to wish she could do them effective injury, and no sooner has she really wished this wish than the Devil, modestly disguised in the programme as "a dog, a familiar" (Mr. HEDLEY BRIGGS), appears, and to the fitting accompaniment of thunder and lightning the covenant with hell is signed. Hell does not keep its part of the bargain very well, and the Devil is surprisingly callous at the end—surprising because Miss EVANS strokes and fondles him and bestows upon him caresses such as he cannot usually have expected or received.

The producer rather lost his nerve about the devil-dog, remembering on what high pedestals for worship dogs are placed to-day, and so he explains that audiences to-day cannot be impressed like seventeenth-century audiences by seeing the Devil in the form of a dog, and he offers the dog as a symbol of mental and emotional conflicts. But the truth is that the dog

must be accepted as the Devil if the *Witch of Edmonton* is to be enjoyed as it should be, for it is as a devil, acting on people from without with tremendous effect and a good deal of humour, that he is essential to the somewhat complicated plot.



DIRTY WORK AT THE CROSS-ROADS

Susan MISS ANNA KONSTAM
Frank MR. MARIUS GORING

It is a plot which leads *Frank Thorney* (Mr. MARIUS GORING) to bigamy, wife-murder and execution, and two other young men to peril of their necks. But their racking destinies take place against a rich setting



GOING TO THE DEVIL, 1625

Mother Sawyer . . . MISS EDITH EVANS
The Dog MR. HEDLEY BRIGGS

of good living and contentment, personified by *Carter*, a rich yeoman (excellently depicted by Mr. ERNEST HARE).

The countrymen and clowns, notably old *Banks* (Mr. WILLIAM DEVLIN), are skilfully padded out, so that they are thick four-square figures, for the producer has recognised that for plays of this sort the ordinary shape and weight of the human frame is too slight and has an elongated effect. We get a tremendous sense of the sturdy rustic roots of Britain in the days when men had much to fear, like bewitchment and sudden accusations, but met their trials firmly.

Old *Banks* has a young son, *Cuddy* (Mr. IAN MAC-KENZIE), who leads a group of clowns with a hobby-horse, and for them the Devil has some Puck-like surprises. "Our witches," said DRYDEN, "are properly burnt because they believe themselves to be such"; but, although Miss EVANS could easily have portrayed such a personal tragedy, the authors have no doubts, and do not mean their audience to have any, about the readiness of the Devil to appear to likely subjects and

teach them the brief and pregnant prayer which Miss EVANS mutters with so much reliance and such lively results.

It ends with general repentance, and has much of the character of a morality play, but it is much more interesting than plays with virtues and vices and other abstract characters, for it reads like the police proceedings in a seventeenth-century *Edmonton Journal* recording a great local excitement.

D. W.

"HELL-FOR-LEATHER" (PHENIX)

Sufferers from Piston-Slap, Judder, Wheel-Tramp, Gudgeon-Rumble, Inflamed Sprockets, Tappet-Wobble, Congestion of the Gaskets or any other of the distressing complaints which, to judge from their conversation, increasingly afflict the youth of England, may find parts of this drama of internal combustion unbearably poignant; those others, like myself, who in the face of heavy odds have preserved a lovely innocence in regard to all the greasy goings-on beneath the bonnets of their motor-cars, will find all the qualities of a slick magazine short story transferred neatly to the stage—and boldly, since the last scene, in which

the droning competitors in a road-race flash by, is spent in a re-fuelling pit which is finally demolished by a skidding car before our eyes.

None of the characters develops much beyond the initial labelling, and some of the play is slow in action; but the tense atmosphere of a motor-racing camp, where dungareed mechanics carry on unconsciously the traditions of the stable-boy and little men with light hands steal out in the dawn to gallop three hundred super-charged horses along a *Route Nationale*, instead of over Newmarket Heath, is well conveyed. Mr. BARRÉ LYNDON, who is also the author of *The Amazing Dr. Clitterhouse*, writes good light dialogue, and his producer, Mr. CLAUD GURNEY, has whipped up its speed to what, even for this sort of show, is a high rate of revs.

It is enough to say of the plot that it hinges on the embarrassing position of a motor-manufacturer's daughter whose past indiscretion with the unscrupulous star of the rival team not only comes near to wrecking a more suitable alliance but turns the big race of the year into a suicidal dog-fight. We see much more of the race than we might expect on the stage, and the use of broadcasting and a realistic sound accompaniment help to heighten its exciting moments. The cars, far from being cardboard props, have every appearance of being the real things.

Miss KATHLEEN KELLY was a most credible source of all the trouble; Miss OLIVE BLAKENEY had very little to do beyond sounding a brief note of tragedy, which she did skilfully; Mr. RONALD SHINER's Cockney head-mechanic had most of the best lines in the play and put them to full use—a very funny performance; Mr. ANTHONY IRELAND was exceedingly Anthony Irish as the villain at the enemy wheel; in his own vigorous way Mr. BERNARD NEDELL gave an excellent impersonation of a hard-drinking dare-devil; Mr. ALEC CLUNES was attractive as the young speedster-hero who offered marriage; Mr. ROBERT RENDEL managed to give the impression that designing motor-cars which went faster and faster was his idea of a sacred mission; and Mr. EDGAR NORFOLK gave a sympathetic sketch of a driver a little past his prime.

As light entertainment in the category of which one remembers very little this play obvi-

ously has its points. It seemed to me that certain not unimportant issues remained obscure, such as whether the accidents in which the *Knight* team



THE MECHANIC WHO ONLY SPARKED ONCE

Skid. MR. SAM WILKINSON

were involved were caused by faulty design or some subtle trick in the driving of the villain, who was always near when they crashed—but most likely the fault was mine. ERIC.



THE FINISHING POST

Joe. MR. RONALD SHINER
Eve Knight Miss KATHLEEN KELLY
Cliff Bellamy MR. BERNARD NEDELL

A Forthcoming Demonstration

ENCOURAGED by the activities of many of those who represent various shades of political opinion, I propose to organise a demonstration on the part of the body holding the advanced and enlightened views of which I am an advocate. This is not the place in which to expound them. They are indeed too vast to be quite definite, too comprehensive to be expressed in a crude slogan, too intellectual to be represented by a physical gesture.

I state my intentions thus publicly in defiance of any hostile party or parties—nay, of the so-called Law itself, and am yet confident that my procession will not be banned, barracked, bombarded or battered. Its route will be through the heart of the City; the most crowded streets will be selected and it will take place during the busiest hours of a working day.

While not partaking of anything in the way of a military display, the procession will be under the strictest discipline, and it will certainly not be marked by such outbreaks of hooliganism and violence as have accompanied the provocative parades of other organisations. The enlightened opinions which the procession is intended to advertise are represented

sartorially by a dark-blue lounge-suit in a refined pin-stripes, black polished shoes and an ordinary bowler-hat. The tie is a self-coloured blue, somewhat lighter than the suit. Chamois-leather gloves will be worn for the occasion. Arms will be restricted to a plain umbrella. This, if the weather be fine, will be carried neatly rolled; if wet, extended and held over the head.

It is not intended that any speeches shall be delivered *en route*, and as little trouble as possible will be given to the police. I shall make myself personally responsible for the good behaviour of the demonstration. Not a man will even be out of step.

That I can promise this with assurance will be understood when I explain that my views are at present strictly individual, and that the procession will consist exclusively of those who hold them in their entirety, namely, myself.

And what can the Home Office do about that?

W. K. H.



The Heiress. "WOULD YOU MIND JUST CREEPING TO THE DOOR AND LETTING IN THE PEKES?"

More Letters to the Secretary of a Golf Club

From Arthur Ream, of Messrs. Tome, Ream & Quillworthy, Publishers, London, W.C.2.

2/11/36.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—Your book, *Successful Golf Club Management*, was published to-day, and we are glad to tell you that subscription sales were over three thousand.

We have much pleasure in enclosing our cheque on account of the first thousand as per Agreement signed 8/8/36. Six free copies are being sent under separate cover.

Yours sincerely,
ARTHUR REAM.

From Mrs. Whelk (his mother), 103, Southward Street, London, S.W.1.

5th Nov.

MY DARLING BOY,—I was delighted to get a copy of your book, and it makes me so proud of you. The chapters on "Catering" and "How a Secretary should behave at Committee Meetings" were very interesting, also the bit about humouring the more disagreeable members.

The Greenkeeping section was, however, rather beyond me. What is Fusarium Patch? It sounds like some sort of disease the ground staff get in their hair. If it is infectious, I do hope you will be careful.

Aunt Ethel says she is going to give the book as Christmas presents.

Your loving
MOTHER.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

5th Nov., 1936.

DEAR SIR,—With the object of trying to help you financially I bought your book, *Successful Golf Club Management*, but, frankly, Whelk, the whole thing is in the worst of taste; and when you blatantly set down that it is a good idea for all Secretaries to stand their Captain a stiff drink just before a meeting, I consider that you have lowered yourself to the level of those people who write articles on etiquette in a fourth-rate native rag.

Another thing which has absolutely got my goat is your photograph at the beginning of the book, which only goes to prove your vulgar craving for publicity. I am, however, prepared to wager that this eyesore will do you

sales a great deal of harm owing to the fact (amongst other things) that your teeth are protruding in the manner of a horse when it gets wind of a bad smell.

As your Captain, I am heartily ashamed of you.

Yours faithfully,

ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From S. Popplesnipe, Manager of Pen-whistle and Co., Stationers and Book-sellers, High Street, Roughover.

10/11/36.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—I thought you would like to know that I have sold over four hundred copies of your book in the town and district during the past few days. It is the best seller I have handled for years, and I cannot understand why it was not the Book Society's choice for the month.

Perhaps you are thinking of entering it for some of those literary prizes? I have a friend who reviews books for *The Duck Fanciers' Quarterly*, and if you would like to know how you should set about it I will be only too glad to make inquiries.

Yours faithfully,

S. POPPLESNIPE,
Manager.

From Admiral Charles Sneyring-Stymie, C.B., The Bents, Roughover.

11th November, '36.

DEAR SIR,—I have just read your book and I may say that I am absolutely dumbfounded you should have devoted over four pages to "How to avoid bribes from the shops," etc., as it is quite obvious to me that you have been accepting money in this manner for years; and here and now I dare you to deny that you got a rake-off on the new bridge tables and also on the Quintuple Mower bought in May, 1934.

I consider the paragraph about how to prevent members from putting their feet up on the furniture is most uncalled for. You know perfectly well that at times my gout is more than chronic, and I feel that your remarks are nothing less than a slap in the face for

Yours truly,

C. SNEYRING-STYMIE.

From Lionel Nutmeg, Malayan Civil Service (Retired), Old Bucks Cottage, Roughover.

11/11/36.

DEAR WHELK,—I notice in your chapter on the Bar and its sub-heading, "Cocktail Recipes," you have omitted one we used to think a great



"HURRY UP, MASTER BOBBIE, AND EAT YOUR PORRIDGE AND SEE THE PRETTY PICTURE AT THE BOTTOM OF THE PLATE."

"WHY SHOULD I? IT'S THE SAME OLD PSEUDO-MATISSE!"

deal of in Singapore. It is called "Panther's Sweat," and as it is one of the best I know you might like to have a note of it for future reference.

The ingredients should be put into the shaker in this order:—

- 6 parts Gin.
- 3 parts Curaçao.
- 2 parts Old Brandy.
- 1 part Crème de Menthe.
- 6 parts Vintage Port.
- 6 parts Absinthe.
- 1 part Benedictine.
- 5 parts Rum.
- 2 parts Stout.
- 1 part Irish Whisky (Liqueur).
- 2 parts Kümmel.
- 3 parts Burgundy.
- 7 parts Vodka.

Finally add a sprig of sage, and if the latter turns black after one minute's shaking, the cocktail is exactly right.

It is best served to people when they are lying down.

Yours sincerely,

L. NUTMEG.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

12th Nov., 1936.

SIR,—I have now read through your book a second time and consider it even worse than I at one time feared.

Why did you put in all that long rigmarole about "How to stop a free fight in a Bar"? It is going a bit far when you state that: "... a soda



Boarding-house Landlady. "TAKE YOUR PICK, MR. SUMMERS."
Second Lodger. "YOU'LL NEED IT, OLD MAN."

siphon squirted into the combatants' ears will be found the most effective method of separation," because everyone in the county will know only too well that you are referring to the row, Captain Johnson v. Commander Silas Fugg and Others of last March.

I should also like to let you know that your examples of various letters and how to write them have quite put me off my food, especially the one in which the Secretary returns thanks to his Club members on being presented with a piece of plate.

Yours faithfully,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Mrs. Harrington Nettle, Captain Ladies' Golf Club, Roughover.

Friday.

DEAR MR. WHELK,—The chapter on the "Ladies" is the most unpleasant of all in your recently-published book, and how you have the face to start off: "*Lucky is the Golf Secretary who has the Ladies' Section of his Club*

segregated in a separate building, for then his troubles will be more than halved . . ." is little short of libellous.

It must be sufficiently obvious to the world at large that you are writing about the Ladies' Golf Club at Roughover, and as I am the present Captain I have already lodged a very strong protest to your Committee, and I hope they will deal most severely with you.

Yours faithfully,

GERTRUDE NETTLE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

14th Nov., 1936.

SIR,—I am in receipt of your letter stating that your book was intended for the use of Golf Secretaries only. This is so much poppycock.

I have just read it through for the third time and have come across the following, which I had previously missed, and surely you must have been out of your mind when you wrote it:—

"It is erroneous for a Golf Secretary to think that he will never hear good of himself, and it is often an excellent plan for him to conceal himself from time to time in some favourable spot about the Club House, such as under the Billiard Table or the Bar Counter, and keep his ears open. He will thus get an excellent and frank indication of how the Club is getting on."

The next Committee Meeting will probably see the end of you so far as the Club is concerned. If this were Japan the only decent thing you could do would be to commit *hara-kiri* immediately.

Yours faithfully,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From General Sir Armstrong Forcursue, K.B.E., C.S.I., Captain Roughover Golf Club.

16th Nov., 1936.

SIR,—I have just read your book again for the fourth time, and there is



"DOES THIS UMBRELLA BELONG TO ANYBODY, DO YOU KNOW?"

"I DON'T KNOW, MISS—BUT YOU TAKE IT. 'EAVEN 'ELPS THEM AS 'ELPS THEMSELVES."

a misprint on page 341, line 17: "and" is spelt "amd."

When you pay five shillings for a book you do at least expect a little accuracy.

Yours faithfully,
ARMSTRONG FORCURSUE.

From Messrs. Tome, Ream & Quillworthy, Publishers, London, W.C.2.

19/11/36.

DEAR SIR,—In reply to your letter of yesterday's date, we regret that we cannot comply with your request

to destroy any unsold copies of your recent book, *Successful Golf Club Management*, for although we are extremely sorry to hear that your job at Roughover Golf Club is in jeopardy we must call your attention to the terms of your Agreement.

In fact we have now no option but to ask you to send us a preface to the second edition, which will be printing immediately, the first edition (10,000 copies) being already sold out.

Our right to this preface is expressly stated in Clause 7 of the Agreement, and we have to insist that you

comply with this at your earliest convenience.

Yours faithfully,
TOME, REAM & QUILLWORTHY.
G. C. N.

"But although Oxford may hold Cambridge this way, they must score themselves to stand any chance of winning."

Rugby Football Article.

It seems all right, but a nice question would have arisen if the result had been: Oxford, one penalty try; Cambridge, nil.



"AND WHEN YOU WANT TO TALK TO ANYBODY ACROSS THE TABLE IT JUST PULLS OUT OF THE WAY."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Poland, Past and Present

IN condensing his *Poland, 1914-1931*, and prolonging the story to last July, Mr. ROBERT MACHRAY has done the English reader a twofold service. Not only has he presented vivaciously, lucidly and dispassionately *The Poland of Pilsudski* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 15/-) and of PILSUDSKI's military successor, RYDZ-SMIGLY, he has shown the inevitable reactions of a vitally important small state to the bungling of the League and the subsequent imbroglia of armaments and alliances. For such a hazardously-situated people as the Poles, the preservation of Abyssinia by the League was more than a debt of honour, it was a test-case. And when the *Gazeta Polska* condemned the HOARE-LAVAL plan it condemned the "secret bargaining" that stultified the whole idea of collective security. For ourselves the sections of the book that deal with Abyssinia and with German rearmament make illuminating if uncomfortable reading; while detailed accounts of sporadic eruptions in Danzig and Memel exhibit the type of problem impossible to solve save on a basis of international integrity and goodwill. The domestic side of the Polish picture—more especially the country's unflagging efforts to rehabilitate her peasantry—makes easier going.

Poet's Progress

MISS EDITH SITWELL's introductory essay to her brother SACHEVERELL'S *Collected Poems* (Duckworth, 15/-) is a

long, serious, heavily-documented effort to furnish the reader's mind with the "associations" necessary for their enjoyment. True, Mr. SITWELL's strong point is the creation of what may be called atmosphere and for the success of his poems it is essential for the right associations to be aroused. But the associations of a word or a sound are personal things, and the extreme particularity of Miss SITWELL's analysis—within a page or two she describes the sound both of P and of I as "poignant," as if this were self-evident—invites disagreement. Happily, however, to take pleasure in the poems one is not compelled to agree with the introduction. Through these 540 pages it is interesting to trace Mr. SITWELL's development, from the early days of preciousness and overworked phraseology (silver, white, nightingale, gold, leaves, fruit, water, sun's gold hair, trumpets, crystal, phoenix, bees, honey, glass, unicorn . . .) to the recent *Canons of Giant Art*, twenty long poems wherein, though "atmosphere" is still the obvious quality and the favourite words tend to reappear, the scale of thought has been increased with impressive results.

A French Omnibus

This omnibus fashion is spreading. Here, in *Salavin* (DENT, 8/6), we have no fewer than four full-length French novels translated and published in a single volume. The author is GEORGES DUHAMEL, known already to the British public (or the discerning part of it) by translations of the three *Pasquier* books which came out last year and in 1934. Now M. DUHAMEL has taken on the editorship of the *Mercure de France* and has been elected a member of the Academy—two occasions which his publishers think should

be celebrated, so they have followed up the *Pasquier* chronicles with those of *Louis Salavin*. The author has chosen a remarkable character for this full-length portrait—a man who was perpetually dissatisfied with himself and striving earnestly for higher things. *Salavin* is first presented to us as a clerk in a business house, then as a married man living in poverty in his old mother's house, then finding friends in a revolutionary club, falling into the hands of the police, and finally seeking a new life in Tunis. He would be a saint, but finds the path difficult and strewn with disappointments. Whatever noble deeds he may accomplish he is oppressed all the time with a sense of frustration. One imagines that, like some other favourite characters in fiction, he grew upon his creator's hands. For at first he appears more of a *Sancho Panza* than a *Quixote*. The comedy develops slowly into tragedy, the clown becomes a hero. Those who do not know *DUHAMEL*'s work should read this book: those who have read him before will not need our recommendation. It is literature.

More Beachcombing

Gallimaufry (CAPE, 5/-) is Mr. J. B. MORTON'S annual collection from his "Beachcomber" column in *The Daily Express*, and it will still further enhance his reputation as a gifted satirist and a humorist of ingenuity. As usual he simulates a confusion of mind very foreign to his intellect but very helpful in the production of a big daily output, since it permits him, for instance, to follow a savage diatribe on dictatorships by a furious mockery of the remaining symbols of democracy, to revile the absurdities of Prussianism while damning any serious peace-builder as effeminate, to curse the urban dwellers for their button-pushing mentality and to harry them with his scorn for their efforts to lose it in the country. This Gargantuan and apparently indiscriminate cudgel-play cloaks a sharp dagger of wit, most accurately employed, and the variety of the attack should provide every man of sense with several onslaughts greatly to his fancy. Mr. MORTON expresses my own views on the Betting Bill in a number of delightful ways. Most of our old friends are here. The love-making of *Dr. Smart-Allick* and *Miss Topsy Turvey* is memorably described, and so is the effect of *Dr. Strabismus*'s stupendous invention for rotting the braces of military opponents.

The Sub-Human Gauguin

When G. K. C. remarked that fifty years of art for art's sake had led to a complete neglect of most artists' work and a consuming interest in their private lives, he anticipated with becoming irony *The Life of Paul Gauguin* (COLDEN-



"GET ALL THIS CLEARED AWAY; AN' MIND YOU—NO 'ILARITY OR 'ORSE-PLAY WITH SNOWBALLS."

SANDERSON, 15/-). Here Mr. ROBERT BURNETT, expressly disclaiming any critical concern for GAUGUIN'S canvases, describes—breezily, dispassionately and decently—the career of a degenerate and cowardly ego-maniac. A successful stockbroker at four-and-thirty, GAUGUIN allowed collecting Impressionists and dabbling in paint himself to swamp and finally supersede his business. His Danish wife and their children were relegated to Copenhagen, while the painter experimented with colour-schemes and women in Paris, Brittany and the South Seas. The famous episode of his association with the VAN GOGHS—the homicidal VINCENT and his generous brother THEO—GAUGUIN is allowed to relate himself; but even so it is obvious that he was hardly an anodyne to the colleague whom he condescendingly dubs "the poor Dutchman." The quarrel of art and society, of which he makes so much, is normally

a proof of depravity in both; but the society that could stomach a GAUGUIN would have to be less than human.

A Good Mixer

No one can cavil at the title of *I Leap Before I Look* (PUTNAM, 10/6), for Mr. DAVID HAIG THOMAS would not have had such a tale of varied activities to relate if, during his twenty-seven years, he had tarried to weigh *pros* and *cons*. Frankly he states that he is "one of those stupid people who, if anybody says I can't do a thing, immediately go and do it," but he does not tell us whether what some schoolboys call "dares" led him to shoot a pheasant in Windsor Park while he was at Eton, or later to assist in crowning a pinnacle of King's College Chapel with an umbrella. Following in his father's footsteps he was a distinguished oarsman at Cambridge, but, although his accounts of races at Putney and elsewhere are as graphic as they are modest, the real interest of his narrative is not to be found in them. For me, at any rate, it comes from his intense interest in birds (especially wild geese), and from the ease with which he fitted himself into any situation, whether as a hobo in Canada, a tracker of locusts in Abyssinia, or a hunter in Sardinia. The photographs accompanying the text are without exception admirable.

A Welcome Guest

Suspicious of strangers as born Cotswoldians have right and reason to be, I feel confident that they will find pleasure in spending *A Cotswold Year* (GEOFFREY BLES, 7/6) with Mr. C. HENRY WARREN. Unlike some invaders of the countryside he is never condescending, and it is impossible to follow him as he roams here and there without realising that he is in tune with his surroundings. His story, told in the form of a diary, is divided into the four seasons of the year, and of these divisions I regret that "Autumn" is the shortest, for to many of us it is the most fully charged with magic and meaning. I think also that he is not the man to give an impartial account of fox-hunting. Nevertheless for country-lovers this is a gem of a book, alive in the main with the true and undying spirit of the Cotswolds.

An Undisciplined Temper

WILLIAM BLIGH is known to all for the *Bounty* mutiny, his wonderful boat voyage and the resultant tiny colony on Pitcairn Island. Yet that was only an incident, though a typical one, in his naval career. In *Turbulent Journey* (IVOR NICHOLSON and WATSON, 18/-), Mr. OWEN RUTTER gives a full biography of the gallant officer, explaining rather than excusing his frequent failures to form one of a band of brothers with his officers. A strict martinet, a slave to duty, but one with a vile temper which caused

him in his rages to use (if I may be allowed the term) viciously feminine abuse to his subordinates. As soon as the storm was over he would be once more charming, but could never realise that the words he had used would rankle in the victim's mind. He received Admiral DE WINTER's sword at Camperdown and was publicly thanked by NELSON at Copenhagen for his stubborn fighting; an explorer, a fine navigator and surveyor, a loyal and zealous officer, but a man with no more tact or elasticity than the Naval Articles of War. Even as Governor of New South Wales the colonists put him under arrest, and I rather sympathise with them. This book is a good psychological study and is full of research.

London By Her Lover

Mr. E. V. LUCAS has written an entirely new book on a favourite subject in *London Afresh* (METHUEN, 7/6), and one so full of London at her best that reading even I, apt to be impatient with her greatness and wenishness, almost wished to grow, like JOHNSON, DICKENS and Mr. LUCAS, into a real Londoner. No book could better impart a liking for the capital, and if it reflects its author's tastes, devoting generous space to London's pictures, it is none the worse for that. It is wise and witty and well-nigh omniscient—but not quite! I should like to make a date with Mr. LUCAS to show him a certain stone which is Highgate's memorial to DICK WHITTINGTON.



"I DIDN'T LIKE IT ANYWAY."

Mr. Punch, with no desire to boast, cannot help admitting that he has already received about a thousand Christmas cards and calendars. For the greater number of these he is indebted to Messrs. RAPHAEL TUCK, to the MEDICI SOCIETY, and to the WARD GALLERY in Baker Street. Many of the cards are much too attractive to send on to anyone else. Other welcome gifts include a "Beautiful Britain" calendar published by COUNTRY LIFE, and Desk calendars from the AT-A-GLANCE CALENDAR CO. These are all excellent, but cannot of course compare with the illustrated *Punch Calendar* published by G. DELGADO, LTD., which contains nearly a hundred pictorial jokes from recent issues of *Punch*.

Mr. Punch on Tour

THE Exhibition of the original work of Living *Punch* Artists will be on view at the Cumberland House Gallery, Southsea, from December 23rd to January 9th, 1937. Invitations to visit this Exhibition will be gladly sent to readers if they apply to the Secretary, *Punch* Office, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

NOTICE.—Contributions or Communications requiring an answer should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed Envelope or Wrapper. The entire Copyright in all Articles, Sketches, Drawings, etc., published in "PUNCH" is specifically reserved to the Proprietors throughout the countries signatory to the BERNE CONVENTION, the U.S.A., and the Argentine. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. The Proprietors will, however, always consider any request from authors of literary contributions for permission to reprint.